Powers took it up to the top of the Center Pole, where the ropes were fastened, and then up to Sun, who was looking down on the ceremony. 796 785

The remainder of that day was taken up with ceremonies that helped the People learn some of the history of their tribe. Men came forward who had personal exploits, mainly war adventures, to their record, and proceeded to tell their stories, giving a demonstration of the main scenes. Wilson for some reason calls these men dancers. 796 536 537 555

The dancers, one at a time, now related their heroic deeds in a theatrical manner, during which they would go through all sorts of antics in imitations of the original event. Some built little lodges on the ground and alongside were placed two or three little boys, who represented so many picketed horses, and led them away or else made a bold dash and captured them that way. In other cases, the boaster would enlist the services of some of the other dancers and would divide them into two parties, one representing the enemy, the other his own. The squad, acting as the enemy, would stoop low behind an imaginary shelter and watch the others approach the horses to be stolen. When the horse-thieves were almost upon their prey, the others would suddenly jump in sight and fire off their guns in the air, then a sham battle would ensue during the cause of which one or more of the participators would fall as dead, and undergo the operation of scalping, and in some cases have both hands cut off, showing how the killed had been used in the fight long ago. Each man who entered the O-Kon as a member of a dancing party related his deeds of valor during which his relatives brought in goods and presented them to the sacred gathering. The people present took more than a usual interest in certain of these rehearsals which were those of events in tribal history dear to the memory of all. This pride was, of course, more noticeable during the narratives of the older men. A comical feature of these performances appeared in their manner of

showing mounted men as distinct from those who had fought on foot. The former would thrust a stick between his legs with the end trailing on the ground and ride it about the arena exactly like we used to in our boyhood. This absurd pantomime was performed numbers of times by middle-aged Indians who in their ordinary life were most circumspect in matters of behaviour. Several hours were spent thus, until the last warrior had related his glorious deeds. Much ammunition was shot off and all kinds of trophies were captured from bogus enemies. Each here began his story by mounting a horse and riding it around the inside of the sacred lodge, singing his war song and shouting. He would then dismount, hand the horse to someone outside, and enter upon the details of his past.

Thus ended the second day of activities inside of the Medicine Lodge. The Crazy Dogs and the Black Soldiers, both leading societies of brave warriors, have always had a great many exploits to relate during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. Two more societies were to tell and perform their stories during the next several days. Meanwhile, the camp was silent again.

On the next day, Sunday, no one entered the structure until late, 4 or 5 o'clock in the evening [the Weather Dancers were inside, of course]; [then entered] the principal heroes in the society called "Crow Carriers." Their performances were much like the former, and one used a wagon to illustrate how he had killed some Cree he found travelling in a cart. This exploit could not be acted inside the O-Kon, so he and those who assisted him went outside to the front or East and performed the first part of the tragedy, which ended after a retreat inside the sacred lodge. In this case the boaster took by main force a gun from the hands of a living foe and afterwards slew him with a knife. A man, Sum-a-ke, appeared in the torture paint and, after sitting on the ground

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